

Captive Release

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Summary: Captain Janeway and Seven wind up on a planet that insists on slavery as a way of life. To fit in just long enough to purchase supplies, Janeway agrees to be Seven's slave until they leave. J/7. Complete.

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Warnings: Sexual content, mild BDSM, and slavery. Further notes at the end.

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><p>Posture rigid, Janeway stood at the window and gazed into the courtyard. Although her situation was not to her liking, she had agreed to this, and she would proceed as planned. Until Seven returned from bartering with the locals, she was to remain in their quarters. Per local regulations slaves were restricted from entering the marketplace unless they were for sale, which meant Janeway was sidelined.</p>

She watched a master sit on a bench under a billowing plant; his slave wandered dutifully to his side and sat in his lap. The slave kissed him and ran thin, tendril-like fingers along his shoulders. The moment looked to be a tender embrace between loved ones, as the slave cuddled closer. Janeway leaned against the wall and considered the scene.

Having been raised in a society that abhorred slavery, she was ethically all for abolishment of the practice. However, watching this couple made her wonder if she was applying her Terran ideals to a culture that functioned too differently for comparisons. There was a possibility that slavery on this planet was just a basic social structure and not akin to the horrible visions she'd had when Seven informed her of the custom.

When the Delta Flyer had been knocked off course during a plasma storm, she and Seven sought out the first warp-capable, friendly species they could find. They'd been returning from a short-term away mission to study the makeup of an asteroid belt, and they'd needed a bit more fuel to return to Voyager. Thankfully, this planet hadn't been but a few hours' journey away. Yet, the longer they were here, the more Janeway wanted to leave. Slavery might work for this culture, but she wasn't comfortable remaining.

She watched the couple stand once more. When the master turned away to continue his walk, the slave frowned and dabbed at his lips. Janeway's stomach churned as she realized the picturesque moment wasn't nearly as romantic as she first assumed. She narrowed her eyes and wished she could do something.

The door to the room dematerialized just long enough for Seven to stride inside, her arms loaded with bags. Janeway stared outside for a few seconds longer and then turned to help. Grateful, Seven allowed her to take half the load.

"You were gone longer than I expected."

"There was a good deal to see. I did not want to miss any potential necessities."

Janeway appraised the bags. "I don't think you did."

"Were you comfortable here?"

"Physically, yes."

Seven tilted her head, eyes locked on Janeway. The expression was intensely curious but resolved moments later. "Sitting by while others work is displeasing."

"Well, that's part of it." Janeway's hand slid to her neck, where a thick leather collar marked her as property. The accessory chafed more than her skin. "I also don't like some of the practices here."

"To judge their ways would be-"

"I know," Janeway cut in. "It's just the way I feel."

"Very well. I believe we have what we require, so we can depart tomorrow morning."

"Do you think there's anything wrong with slavery?"

Seven hesitated. "I dislike the notion of removing one's freedom!"

"But?"

"But this is the way of these people. From what I have seen, all involved are content."

Janeway frowned. "You just think that because they treat you like a master."

"I do not understand."

"If I was the one who assimilated all that information on the culture from the guidebook, and we thought I should be the master and you the slave, you'd think differently."

"I require more data to verify that outcome." Seven stepped closer and cupped Janeway's cheek. "May I provide you with alternate information? You have been a leader and do not understand the intoxicating power of subjugation."

Janeway almost leaned away from Seven's touch. "There's no power in being a slave."

"I will argue the contrary. Do you trust me?"

"I do!"

"You will remove your clothing and sit on the bed. The safe word is leola root."

"What?"

Seven linked her hands behind her back. "Resistance is futile and will result in punishment. Clothing. Bed."

"I'm not into this, Seven," Janeway grumbled, even as she stripped away her clothing. When she reached for her collar, a displeased click of Seven's tongue halted her hands. "But for the sake of argument, I'll let this go."

"You will refer to me as ma'am."

Arousal shot through Janeway, and she could feel her nipples pebbling as she sat on the edge of the mattress. This was ridiculous. She was a Starfleet captain, not a prepubescent girl fantasizing about alien abduction. Despite her will, the iron in Seven's voice made her heart race.

"Did you hear me?"

Playing along, Janeway smirked. "Yes, ma'am."

"Very good. Spread your legs."

"You're quite good at giving orders, Seven. Perhaps you should enlist in Starfleet-"

"Do not speak."

"Do I still have to say 'Yes, ma'am'?"

Seven reached down, flipped her effortlessly over, and smacked her. "You will receive five strokes. Do not disobey me again."

When the second slap fell, Janeway bit her lip, wondering if crying out counted as speaking. Given the strength of Seven's hand, she decided not to push that boundary. Instead, she took her punishment in silence. Seven rewarded her with strong, soothing fingers that

helped ease the sting of her skin.

"Roll over, and spread your legs."

This was not the game Janeway presupposed, so she did as Seven commanded. Seven's eyes roved her bare skin, and although this was hardly the first time Seven had seen her naked, she felt incredibly vulnerable. She relaxed only when a hint of a smile nudged the corners of Seven's lips.

"Beautiful."

Heat flooded Janeway, and a blush stained her chest and traveled up to her cheeks. She wanted to say thank you but wasn't certain if the gag order were still in place. Uncomfortably aware of the moisture slicking her thighs, she resisted the urge to close her knees. While the spanking had been sexy, she didn't want to endure another punishment.

"Do you deserve to be touched?"

Janeway nodded.

"You may speak but only in response to direct questions."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you apologize for your earlier disobedience?"

Janeway gritted her teeth. The question was infantilizing, so she shouldn't be so turned on.

Seven's hand landed gently against her collarbone and then glided slowly between her breasts. "You must relax, Kathryn. This is for you."

Giving up control was not something she did easily, but Janeway did her best to release the tension stiffening her muscles. "Yes, ma'am."

Seven's lithe fingers tweaked one of Janeway's nipples. Janeway arched into the demanding touch, closing her eyes and murmuring a quiet moan. At Seven's reprimand, she bit down on her cheek to keep from uttering any other noises.

"Do not move. You will remain where you are and think about what I will do to you when I return."

Janeway nearly sat upright, furious that Seven would tease her into this state and then walk away. She realized this was all part of Seven owning her, so she relaxed against the bedspread. She wouldn't give Seven the pleasure of knowing how this affected her. From the corner of her eye, she watched the door dematerialize and Seven exit. After a minute, she lifted her hand, examined her fingers, and considered releasing her tension alone.

With a sigh, she set her hand down and stared at the ceiling. Seven was making a point, and she had to admit that there was something addicting about not doing anything but what she was told. Being stranded in the Delta Quadrant with no support was tiring, and there

were days when she would have handed over leadership to anyone with the right qualifications.

Of course, there was nobody who met her standards. She alone was in charge of the safety of over one hundred people, and the pressure had been staggering. Yet, removing her from power took was as simple as a steely look from Seven and a few barked orders. Thoughts about the timbre of Seven's voice sent a fresh wave of arousal coursing through her, and she tightened her fists in the comforter. She was supposed to be thinking about what Seven would do to her, she recalled.

When Seven finally returned, Janeway had sweat beading on her forehead and a throb in her groin. Seven set a small bag beside Janeway, unfurled the top, and reached inside.

"Whâ€|" Janeway cut off her question, aware that her curiosity was likely to get her into trouble.

Seven stared at her for a moment. "You were told not to speak."

Janeway lifted a shaking hand to her lips and feigned zipping them closed. Seven arched an eyebrow before resuming her task. From within the bag, Seven removed a small tub, several lengths of dark fabric, and a small, circular object that Janeway didn't recognize.

"I was ill-prepared earlier," Seven explained as she attached one end of the fabric to Janeway's wrist and the other to the bed frame. "I have attempted to rectify my mistake."

Once all four of Janeway's limbs were secured, Seven picked up the foreign device. "This is an inhibitor. I was assured by the vendor that they are quite popular on this planet. Would you like to know what it does?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Seven leaned down and kissed the side of Janeway's neck. A moment later, she replaced her lips with the object, which suctioned against Janeway's skin. "This has been programmed to a very specific voice command. Until I speak that word, you will be unable to come."

"Seven-"

"Were you asked a question? If you wish for me to stop, you know what to say. If not, you will respect my authority." The piercing look Seven sent Janeway made her feel small; her heart hammered faster in response. "Very well. Before you receive a treat, you must perform a trick."

Janeway's mouth was suddenly very dry. She watched as Seven carefully removed her bodysuit and crawled onto the bed. When Seven's knees trapped her head between them, she wished her hands were free so she could grip the firm musculature of Seven's ass. Seven inched lower, and Janeway lifted her head up eagerly. She took her first lick of Seven's clit and reveled in the deep, animalistic growl that evoked in her partner.

Seven sank lower onto her face; she lapped as far as she could. When

Seven's hips shifted forward, she took the opportunity to plunge her tongue inside. Seven ground against her and moved away. Janeway did her best to follow, but the restraints held her back. Thankfully, Seven turned around so her back was to Janeway and returned before Janeway forgot her gag order. This time, when Seven lowered her herself, she also leaned down to taste Janeway's cunt as well.

The feeling of warm heat against her clit made Janeway dizzy. She was grateful her mouth was occupied, otherwise she might have screamed. Her hips thrust upward, but Seven's hands gripped her upper thighs and forced her back down. As pleasure rocked her body, she submitted to Seven's superior strength-Seven owned her, and that was okay.

When Seven dismounted, Janeway panted, her face coated with remnants of Seven and sweat. Her body buzzed painfully, and she was dying for release. Seven examined her with a small, arrogant smirk.

"Tell me, Kathryn. Who is your master?"

"Y-you are, ma'am."

"Do you deserve an orgasm?"

Janeway could only manage a stiff nod. Seven bent close to her ear; while her hot breath caressed the side of Janeway's face, her hand crept between Janeway's legs. Massaging Janeway's clit, Seven whispered, "You've been a good girl, Kathryn. Come for me."

Returning to her senses several minutes later, Janeway found her wrists and ankles had been freed. She rolled over and struggled into a sitting position. Seven was at her side in an instant, the tub she purchased open by the pillows. Swiping a bit onto her fingers, Seven massaged the cool lotion onto the irritated patches of skin where the restraints had dug in too deeply. She worked quickly but tenderly, and Janeway enjoyed the attention.

"There is something to be said for allowing another to control you," Seven stated as she finished. "While you do not decide your own fate, you have someone to look out for you and attend to your needs."

Janeway shook her head. "Sevenâ€|"

"Did you not enjoy this?"

"I did, but the difference between us and them is that my enslavement is temporary, and we're inherently equal beings. I could have used our safe word and stopped you at any moment if I didn't like what you were doing. How many of these people could do the same?"

Seven stood very still while Janeway removed the inhibitor on her neck. "We have not spoken to them," she said. "I am loathe to form a judgment about their conditions without collecting the necessary data."

Janeway lied down on the bed and pulled a pillow under her head. She felt exhausted after their encounter, and she didn't have the requisite energy for this conversation. "I suppose it doesn't matter.

We leave in the morning, and that's the end of it."

"Do you require anything?"

"No, Seven. Thank you."

Seven kissed her forehead, dressed, and strode to the door. She cast a final look over her shoulder before exiting, and Janeway surrendered to sleep.

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Janeway sat at the helm, a finger tracing along her throat where the collar no longer sat. She wasn't sad to see the accessory go, even if she'd had a pleasurable evening with Seven. Although she had very few resources on the Flyer, she wished she could do something for those who were enslaved. Tradition was not always acceptable, despite being the way things had always been.

"Are you prepared to depart?"

She glanced back at Seven, whose fingertips danced over the console. "I'm performing a few preliminary checks, and then we can get on our way."

"We should leave as soon as possible." Seven met her gaze for a moment, and Janeway detected something suspicious in the blonde's shifting eyes.

"We'll be ready in about ten minutes-"

"Captain."

"Yes, Seven?"

"I have performed the necessary diagnostics. The rest of your assessments can wait until we are en route to Voyager."

"We're not in the bedroom," Janeway replied testily. "I give the orders."

Seven scowled down at her console until an explosion rocked the Flyer. Janeway spun her chair around.

"We should leave."

"Seven, what did you do?"

"This is a conversation for another time. Soon, they will likely restrict space-faring vehicles."

Janeway ignited the engine, pulled on the steering unit, and launched them through the atmosphere. As they zoomed past the planet's moon, she twisted once more to look at Seven. "This is a conversation for right now. What did you do?"

Seven refused to meet her eyes. "After our conversation concluded yesterday, I sought out the evidence necessary to fully understand the social situation."

"Oh?"

"I determined that your assessment was correct. There were many among the slaves I encountered who wished to change their circumstances."

"Seven, tell me you didn't instigate a rebellion."

"I simply informed those who wished to listen that they had superior numbers. I thought you would find this acceptable, as you were against the practice of slavery."

"People will get hurt-"

"There is no revolution without struggle. Do you not recall severing my link with the collective?"

"I do."

"And do you not see that despite the pain, I exceeded my parameters and overcame?"

"Sevenâ€| The prime directive-"

"This was a warp-capable species." Seven finally met Janeway's stare. "I would not have interfered otherwise."

"You still changed the course of an entire species' culture."

"I would argue my interference was for the better."

Janeway massaged her temples and sighed. Seven had done what she wanted to do herself, so she couldn't get too frustrated. Seven wasn't a member of Starfleet, either, which exempted her from the entanglements of protocol.

"Perhaps we will just leave that detail out of our logs, hm?"

Seven nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

Janeway chuckled at the phrase, which made her fingertips tingle with anticipation. Once they were safely home, she might have Seven take command more often.

* * *

><p>Prompt: Prompt: JanewaySeven-established relationship where one of them has to pose as the other's slave to pass in an alien culture (although overall happy vibes and nothing crazy dark). A++ if they 'accidentally' help overthrow the slave culture in the process. (Seven drops tech for the local uprising or something)

End
file.